SMOKING OF OPIUM.

THE SENSATIONS OF A "FIEND" AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

Thite Smokers "Hitting the Pipe" in the Seclusion of Their Bed-Rooms-Novices Take No Warning from the Fate of Others.

[San Francisco Chronicle.] There are no less than 3,000 white opium smokers in San Francisco to-day. Tremarked a well-informed police officer to a reporter recently. "In that number," he continued, *are included men and women from 40 years of age down to boys and girls of 14 years. The terrible vice is on the increase, and it never will be checked until a law is enacted making it a felosy to sell opium to white persons for smoking purposes,"

"It was generally supposed," said the reporter, "that a term in the county jail had

he desired effect."

"It had the effect of stopping those people from smoking in Chinatown, and a good many of the opium joints were closed up.
But the fiends began to get their own pipes, bowls and lay-out; and now four-fifths of the white smokers 'hit the pipe' in the seclusion of their bed-rooms, so that every might, and in nearly every lown-town lodging-house, no matter how quiet it may seem to be, or how well kept it is, some one or more of the rooms contain one or more opium-smokers, and secretly And noiselessly they while away the hours until long ofter midnight in that seductive way. It's now 12:30 o'clock" continued the officer, "and just to show you that I am not exaggerating, we will take a look inthe rooms of the top-story of the L-house."

Together the officer and reporter made their way to the house mentioned! Gaining the top floor, the policeman knecked upon one door a ter another and to each room was ceremoniously admitted. In the first room the two occupants, a man and woman, had finished their smoke and retired for the might. The fumes of the consumed drug were still apparent, however. In the secend room, outstretched on the floor, with a large quilt under them, were two young rolled up her knitting, wrapped it carefully "fiends," who had "just dropped up to see if Jack and the boys were in." They were only going to smoke two "pills" apiece and

"That's always the way," rentarked the officer. "I never saw one of them opium smokers yet who had not either stopped smoking altogether, or was going to stop. Some of them tell me that they have ordered medicine from the east to cure them. It's always 'on the way out,' bu somehow It never gets here, and of course they can't stop smoking until it does."

The next day the reporter was introduced to an opium "fiend" and in the course of a few moments the conversation turned to the thing most dear to his heart-opium.

"I don't deny I am an opium smoker," he mid, "for several reasons, the main one being that my looks, the color of my skin and my wasted form would tel any observer different. It's a terrible thing, and In the course of a few years will kill me. but as I haven't got anything particular to live for, am alone in the world and like to enjoy myself, I don't know but i what I'm doing just what most of the world is doing. or trying to do-enjoy myself. A's a wonderful satisfaction to be able to le alongside of a bamboo pipe, have somebod cook your 'dope,' smoke your fill of the drug and know that you are free from the desire to gain a name for yourself in this world and that you couldn't get rich if you tried 'so's there is no use in trying.' But it's ruin to the man or woman who once gets the 'hatit.' Don't know what the 'habit' is? Well, I'll tell you: It is a craving to smoke opium. It's worse s good deal than the whisky habit. When the feeling comes upon you, you've got to smoke; when that feeling comes upon you for the first time, you know then you are a "flend;' you might just as well give up all hopes of ever amounting to anything, for they will only make your life miserable, and at last die out, only to haun you, now and then when you get the blues and curse the day you ever put a pipe to your mouth.

"What is the 'habit' like? Wel, I couldn't exactly tell you, for it comes upon people in different ways. I get it twice and sometimes three times a day. When it comes upon me the perspiration stands out on my face and forehead in great big drops. If to not obey the summons of my master my bones begin to ache, until at last am forced to go. I drag myself along up to a 'joint' I generally go to, and in twenty minutes I am at peace with myself and the world again. A half-dozen 'pills' have cured 'my 'habit,' and a half-dozen more have charged my system full enough to last me six hours. At the end of that time I am summoned again. the same performance is gone through, the mme enjoyment and satisfaction are experimeed, and here I am, an opium smoker, a person who lives for nothing else in God's world but to smoke opium. Would you be-Meve it? Well, it's the case with just 1,000 men in this town no older than nevself, and I Min't 28 vat "

"How is it that the novices don't take warning from the veteran smokars?"

"It makes very little difference to them. They go to smoking with their eyes open. At first they do it because they imagine they must be able to smoke before they can be one of the boys; then they do it for aothing else but to while away the long sours which hang so heavily on their hands. In about six months they have a habit,' The drug is necessary to their life, and thereafter they are marked as flends. n three years they are a more shadow of their former selves; in five years they are a walking skelton, and in from sight to ten years they are a dead skeleton. Some of these unfortunates the possess mflicient will power break of the habit before it is too late, but such is so seldom the case that I cannot recall to mind any ust now."

The older an optum pipe is the higher is its market value, which ranges from \$5 to \$50. The longer a bamboo has been used about a joint, no matter whether Chinese or white, the more it is prized, and a smoker would steal one as quickly at he would Arink a cocktail (providing it was a strictly mfe "trick" to "turn," as they term it), for of all places the opium smoker toes dread and fear it is a term in the county jail or state prison. Once in the cells of either ena; institution he not only birs good-bye to his liberty, but the supply of his opium is cut off; and if it is not entirely cut off, its passage from the hands of his friend on the outside to himself on the inside it so hazard-

cus that the mental worry caused by shoughts that it will be confiscated is equal to enduring the tortures of the "habit."

Such a state of affairs existing has put the sends to working their brains and divising ways and means to get "dope," and divers schemes are daily used to frustrate the watchful jailer and turnkey. The opium is first cooked and made into pills by friends of the incarcerated. The product is then cooked dither artistically imbedded in the

center of cigarettes, which are put back in the paper cover they were originally taken from, or the stuff is put into a cake pie, or some other solid edible, all of which, after a superficial examination, pass on to the person they are intended for. A white generally smokes from 75 cents to \$1.50 worth during the twenty-four hours, seven hours of which are actually spont lying down ucking on a filthy pine. down ucking on a filthy pipe.

THE BANK FAILURE.

[Flora Beecher in Tid-Bits.

"An' so you've sold your farm, Belindy!"
"Yes, an' I must say I'm glad of it. A lone woman ain't got no business a-trying to farm no way. Though I mut say I've made out pretty well, this year. I cleared \$600 on the wheat, over and above payin' fur the harvestin,' thrashin' and the like. An' I've sold the hay, clover an' timothy mixed, fur about \$300 more. But it's awful wearin' on a woman, a-tendin' tofthings an' watchin' that the hands don't shirk nor nothin'. As I was a-sayin' a lone woman ain't got no business with a farin. 'Twas different before Aaron died," and Mrs. Belinda Blossom gave a regretful sigh to

the dead and gone Aaron. "You nee in't to be a lone woman no longer'n you want to, Belindy." buietly ob served her sister, Mrs. Jemima Hatch. "There's Deacon Gibbs now, would give his

"Don't say Deacon Gibbs to me" retorted the widow. "Don't I know what the's after? Don't he know as well as I do, that I've got \$8,000 put away safe an' snug is the Bluegrass bank? I haven't a doubt he'd like to git the handlin' of it, but he never will, I kin tell bim that."

"Sho, now, Belindy," remonstrated Mrs. Hatch, "What's the use o' makin' the poor man out wuss'n he is? I don't know as he's any likelier to be after the money then Lawver Greene."

"Lawyer Greene's got money himself, an' it stands to reason 'taint so much of an object to him. Besides I ain't said--"

"Oh, no, you hain't said, I know, but a body kin put two and two together, I reckin. Well, all I've got to say, I'd rother have Deacon Gibbs any day, if 'twas me, then that smooth spoke, iley lookin' lawyer. But I must be a-gittin' home; Bijah'll want his supper, time it's ready," and Mrs. Hatch in a cloth and put on her black sun-bonnet and her blue yarn "half-hands."

"You might have stayed to supper, Jemima," said the widow, reproachfully. "I was going to have cream cookies and some of them Lawton blackberry preserves you're

so fond of." "Wal, I'd like mighty well to stay Belinda, but Bijah he'il be a-lookin' fur me to hev supper ready when he comes in from the field. He's allus as hungry as a beaver at night, an' I ain't left nothin' cooked so be could get himself a bite. I reckin I better go. You goin' to Miss Larcom's quiltin' next week?"

"Oh, I 'spose so. Miss Larcom would get niffed, if I didn't," and after another five or ten minutes of conversation Mrs. Hatch got started for home.

Mrs. Belinda Blossom was a typical widow; fair, fat, and not quite 40, and was known as the best housekeeper in and around the neighborhood where she lived. With even less personal attractions and good qualities than she possessed, she might have exchanged her widow's weeds for bridal attire long ago, had she so desired, However, for some reason best known to herself, she had preferred to remain a "lone woman," as she called it, so far. Whether she would remain so much longer was a question which puzzled herself quite as auch as it did some other parties.

* * * * * * * It was the day of Miss Larcom's quilting, an I the supper was almost ready. The quilt was already out, and by a little preconcerted manœuvre on the part of the fun-loving girls, it had been thrown over the widow's head when taken out of the frame-a piece of mischief which afforded no little amusement, as, according to time honored tradition, whoever the quilt is first thrown over, is soon to become a bride.

Mrs. Blossom wore her honors blushingly. and her cheeks were still covered with crimson when the gentlemen began to drop in, just before supper.

Lawyer Greene, who was among the first to arrive, was profuse in his attentions to the blooming widow, much to the discomfiture of his less fortunate rival, who could only sit in a corner and cast despairing glances at the object of his affections.

"Just look at Deacon Gibbs," whispered Mahala Williams to Dorcas Lamb. "He looks like a hen on a hot griddle, while Lawver Greene is a-courtin' the widow."

Dorcas tittered out loud, whereupon the deacon grew red in the face, as if aware that he was the object of their mirth. "Wal, I reckin I'll be a-goin,' Miss Lar- by a discovery.

com," he announced, approaching the hostess a short time later. "I only just dropped in to see how you was all a-gittin' along." "Oh, you must stay to supper, deacon; it's a'most ready now, an' I can't let you go before that," declared the hostess, determin-

sily. But the deacon was equally determined, and go he did. "Deacon Gibbs! Deacon Gibbs! stop a minute, I want to speak to you," cried Mrs.

Hatch, rushing out to the porch where he stood, looking a little bewildered at the unexpected summons. "I want to ask you to come over the day after to-morrow-Thanksgiving Day, you know-and eat dinner with us. Now don't say no-there won't be anybody there only

Belindy and our own folks. Say you'll "Wal, I dunno, Miss Hatch," said the deacon uneasily. "I thank you kindly fur the invite, but I've been a-feelin' | ind of blue for a good spell now, and I don't know as I'd be fittin' comp'ny to go an' eat

Thanksgivin' dinners with folks when I'm blue." "Sho! that's all nonsence, deacon, You must come now, an' I shall be a-lookin' fur you." And good-hearted little Mrs. Hatch

ran back into the house before Deacon Gibbs could make any further protest. If Mrs. Blessom noticed the deacon's departure, she betrayed no consciousness of the

fact, but deinurely continued her flirtation

Supper, the great event of the day, was ready at last, and the guests were doing ample fustice to the plentiful array of viands set before them. Poiled ham, chicken potpie, mashed potatoes and turnips, hot slaw, apple sauce, squash pie, custard pie, jellycake, cookies and doughnuts, all were placed on the table together, and the guests invited to help themselves, which they did with a

The meal was well under way, and conversation had flagged considerably, for with hungry people eating and talking are not to be carried on together, when a new arrival came, in the person of Hiram Prim, the

storekeeper's clerk. Hiram was soon seated at the table, helping the truth of the matter may be better ing himself right and left to the still abunmagined-than described. dant substantials and luxuries on the board.

"Heard the news?" he asked, working around after partaking of a few mouthfuls. "Hain't? Wal, the Bluegrass bank has busted-smashed clean up. Creditors won't

git 5 cents on the dollar. Exclamations of surprise greeted the un expected tidings from all sides. The Widow Blossom turned pale, and

gazed wildly at the speaker. Lawyer Greene also changed countenance as he glanced furtively at Mrs. Blossom's

"Is that really so, Hiram," he asked anx-

"It's really so," declared Hiram. "It'll be in the papers to-morrow morning." "Why, Lawyer Greene, you hain't got money there, hev your"

"Oh, certainly not. My funds are secured on real estate. I don't trust to banks," responded the lawyer, complacently.

"Wal, I'm thankful to say my money ain't there, either," said Hiram, gravely, thereby causing a general laugh, as it was a as fast as he earned them.

No one noticed the widow's changed demeanor, though she still looked pale, and declined a second piece of squash pie. But Lawyer Greene seemed suddenly to have changed his tactics, and was now evidently bent on getting up a flirtation with Mahala Williams.

The widow's money affairs were not generally known among her acquaintances, consequently she escaped their condolences. Jemima Hatch, though, did manage to whisper a few words of sympathy in her

"Don't worry about it, Relindy," she urged; "I'll come over an' see you tomorrow, an' we'll talk it over." But Mrs. Blossom did not recover her spirits.

Lawyer Greene did not appear to notice when the willow rose to leave, compelling her to accept the protection of half-grown Tom Larcom much to the surprise of all who noticed the circumstance.

"He was awful sweet on the widder at first," they whispered. "She must of give him the mitten," and the next day it was currently reported that Lawyer Greene had proposed to the Widow Blossom and been

Jemima paid the promised visit bright and tive effect. sister looking pale and dejected.

"How bad is it, Belindy?" she asked. "Did you put all your money in the bank?" "All-every cent of it," groaned the

"Wal, it is too bad, but never mind; you don't have to give up the house right away, | ceaseless pains taken to keep them in good do vou!" "No; not till March."

"So much the better, then; though, of course, you could have had a home with us, right away. But there's your cows an' chickens, an' such things; they'll bring a better price after you've wintered 'em, 'an you can sell 'em in the spring, and ther'll be so much gained."

After considerable more conversation on the subject, the widow seemed to brighten up a little, and her sister prepared to take

"Now you'll be sure to come up and eat a Thanksgiving dinner with us to-morrow, won't you, Belindy?" she urged, and Belinda promised.

Jemima's footsteps had died away, and the widow was still sitting, forlorn and despondent, when her reverie was disturbed

"Morning, Miss-Miss Blossom," said a hesitating voice, and there stood Deacon Gibbs, nervously twisting his hat in his

The widow placed a chair for her visitor, who sat down, looking more nervous and embarrassed than ever.

"I-I've jest heered," he began, "that you -that the Bluegrass bank has busted, an' you've lost all your money, and-and I-Oh, ain't rich, but my farm is a good one, an' I've got it all in medder and pastur' now, an' shouldn't never know you'd lost a cent. Will you, Miss Blos-Belindy?"

And this was the man she suspected of face in her hands, and cried.

Mrs. Jemima was in her element, cooking the Thanksgiving dinner, next day. But in the pauses, between basting the turkey and loak or walnut, never of velvet, never of turning the pumpkin pies, she made frequent trips to the door, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing far down the winding coun- the material, let ornament be sparingly

try road. "I wonder if nary one of 'em ain't a-comin', after all," she muttered more than once | in tones of vexation.

were done, and the table set, when, on look-

"That's the deacon's shay, now," she cried, "an' Belindy not here. Dear me, I wonder | should seek to obtain in our homes. end Bijah over to see.

Then she took another look. "There's somebody with him-why, if it ain't Belindy herself! I'm so glad. They'll sirable, and a few pictures are important. make a match yet, I jest do believe;" and | The art is to have one's room filled but not she ran to open the front door.

"Come in, Belindy! Deacon, walk right in. So you did conclude to come, after all." The deacon smiled complacently.

"Wal, yes, you see I ain't so blue as I was, Miss Hatch. An' then I've got somethin' to be thankful fur, now. We'd of got here sooner, only we've been to a weddin'."

eyes in wonder. "Whose was it? she de-

manded. "Our own, to be sure," smiled the deacon, with a loving glance at Belinda.

"Delays is dangerous, you know. So we jest drove around to the parson's an' had the preacher jine us right off. An' now, your Thanksgivin' is turned into a weddin' dinner. Jemima."

Mrs. Hatch was as much pleased as surprised, and her roast turkey and pumpkin | held in New York and elsewhere to promote pies with the other concomitants of a Thanksgiving dinner, answered quite as under the auspices of the Young Men's well for a wedding feast.

But it was not until dinner was over and Belinda had helped to wash up the dishes, that she confessed to her auditors a little secret which they had not suspected namely, that she had drawn all her money out of the Bluegrass bank the day before it broke; the lawyer's instant change of base on hearing the news of the failure inducing women; to endeavor to spread their her to preserve silence on the subject.

"I meant to invest it some other way," she explained, "and I was awfully shocked when I heard the bank had broke. couldn't help thinking what a narrow escape

with his wife for keeping the secret, since it had saved her from his rival. And Mrs. Deacon Gibbs has never regretted the eccurrence which decided her fate. As for the lawyer, his chagrin upon learn-

Deacon Gibbs had no reason to quarrel

WOMAN AND HOME.

KITCHEN ECONOMICS AND THE WASTES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Knights of the White Cross-A Lightning Kiss-Matrimonial Matters and Hints for the Cuisine-Numerous Decorative "Don'ts."

[By the Author of "Don't."] Don't forget this elementary principle, that a room must not consist of unrelated colors and objects, but possess a harmonious unity in its plan of furnishing and decora-

Don't put high colors on your walls or in your carpets or tapestry, and very little of it anywhere else. Wall papers must be quiet in tone if you desire to produce a pleasant effect. Pictures can not look well if well known fact that Hiram spent his wages hung against loud patterns or positive colors; your bric-a-brac is sure to be ineffective and tasteless if its designs are confused with the designs and colors against which it is

placed. Don't fresco walls or ceiling. Fresco painting is very well for large halls or grand saloons, but the effect is not good for domestic rooms. Color on the walls in this way is sure to be in conflict with whatever color may be brought in, whether in pictures, furniture, hangings or decorative ob-

Don't select carpets with gay tints or pronounced designs. It is impossible for furni ture to appear to good advantage set upon florid patterns, clamoring, so to speak to be seen. Carpets and wall colors should be as foils for color and ornament, rather than color and ornament in themselves. It is impossible to furish a room agreeably unless this principle is kept in mind.

Don't have white marble-topped tables or marble mantles in your rooms, for objects of this kind are enough to chill the heart of a bronze statue. White walls in a room are equally chilling. It is impossible to do anything with them. Cold and unrelenting surfaces they will remain, plan as one may. A rejected. So much for the truth of what | touch of gray or brown in the tint is a great help, but white is absoltely fatal to decora

Don't be persuaded into varnished floor and rugs instead of carpets. Floors treated in this manner are a serious nuisance. Every footfall mars them and it costs more to keep them in good order than to pay for carpets at the outset. If, however, these are repeatedly oiled and varnished, and condition, the effect is very pleasing. Articles of furniture stand out against the dark varnish in rich and artistic contrast.

Don't be induced to lay upon your floors Turkish or Persian rugs. The figures and colors of these are considered very artistic. but the fact is, they usurp the attention altogether too much, and it is difficult to get them in harmony with walls or furniture. A rug made from well-selected Brussels carpet is much more satisfactory. A rug of this kind, with a queer centerpiece and a broad border, in which a little color is introduced, and made so as to leave about two feet of stained floor space around it, gives much the effect of rug furnishing, without the annoyances that pertain to floors with large spaces uncovered.

Don't put elaborate brass grates in your rooms unless you intend to use them. A showy brass grate, unstained by smoke or ashes, suggests in all its glittering newness a show-room, and not a home. A fireplace not consecrated to a fire, that has neither warmth nor suggestion of warmth, is a dreadful sham. It is not artistic; it is not decorative; it kills, rather than gives,

Don't hang upon your walls huge black engravings set in vast spaces of white margin. Pictures of this sort are very depress-Belindy, won't you have me? Say you will. | ing. Instead of white margins substitute a an' you shan't want fur nothin'! I know I gray paper, and if you must have black prints select those that have a good deal of gray in them-pictures with tone and melkin raise right smart o' stock, an' you low effects. Etchings commonly have more softness and artistic effect than engravings. Don't hang chromos on your walls, or colored prints; don't display long lines of famwanting her morey! The widow hid her lily photographs; don't hang mosses or colored leaves or dried grasses about,

Don't have fancy devices for picture frames. Picture frames should be of gilt or ornamental leather work, never of shells or burrs, or anything fantastic. Whatever used. Picture frames should set off the picture and not set off themselves.

Don't crowd your rooms with too many objects. It is not good taste to transfer a The turkey was roasted at last, the pies | museum or bric-a-brac dealer's collection to your apartments. A few articles, selected ing down the road again, she was rewarded | with judgment, and with their relation to the color scheme of the room in view, give a sense of beauty and repose such as we

if she ain't a-comin' at all?" I've a notion to | Don't on the other hand, let your rooms be too bald and empty. Portieres and window hangings do much towards relieving bareness. Some bric-a-brac is very de-

Don't paint pictures or ornamental designs on your door panels. Unless door panels treated in this way are kept very quiet the effect is loud and disturbing.

Don't select high colors for your farniture covering. Blue or pink satin may do for a lady's boudoir where the whole scheme of "A wedding!" Mrs. Hatch opened her treatment is light and delicate, but in a drawing-room for general use it is out of

Knights of the White Cross. [Demorest's Monthly.]

Many communications have been received by this magazine respecting the aims and objects of the "White Cross Army," of which mention has been made in these pages. A number of meetings have been the objects of this organization generally, Christian associations. The following is the pledge that all who join this admirable organization are asked to sign?

"I pro nise, by the help of God, to treat all women with respect and to endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation; to endeav r to put down all indecent language and coarse jests; to maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers; to use every possible means to fulfill the command, 'Keep thyself pure.'"

In view of the interest that so many of our readers have expressed in this matter. we quote the following remarks made at the meeting organizing the order held in New York at the hall of the Y. M. C. A. in March last:

"Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa said that the army was a revival of the old knights of chivalry, as some one had said, 'without the killing business,' 'If a woman sins,' said the speaker. 'you know what becomes of her. Is

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there any place for her except the street? If a man sins, where does he find his place? Does he not find it in the highest society and the best and purest homes, while the miserable victim of his lust is trodden underfoot? What are you going to do about that, young men? Are you going to tolerate a double standard! If there be manhood among you. I call upon you to treat woman as you would se treated yourself. If a woman falls, she falls forever. Her own sex disown her and reduce her to despair. Though she reform and rise to a true and pure life-bs come as pure as Mary Magdalene, aye, as chaste as the icicles upon the temple of Diana-her own sex refuses to receive her and scarce allow her to come into their kitchens to scrub the floor. Now, I say to you, young men, be pure on account of her. Whom do I mean? Mother? Sister? Yes, and another. Some time there will be one whom you will regard with the tenderest love and affection as the personification of purity, beauty and truth. You may not have found her yet, but you will find her. What do you desire her to think of you? If she loves you truly you know she will consider you the epitome of goodness, honor and truth. Will you not so live that when the time.comes you may go to her with a clean and pure heart, so that she may know that you are all that her fancy paints you? God forbid that you should go to her and tell her a lie under whose cloud you must ive for a life-time."

Branch organizations of this new order of chivalry should be started at every school district in the country. Let the pledge above given be written out, and fathers and mothers should see to it that their sons sign t. A public sentiment should be created that would honor purity among men and make unchastity equally sinful for one sex as the other. Any further information about the "White Cross Army" can be had by writing to W. W. Hoppin, Jr., president of Y. M. C. A. of New York. In England a like organization has done a great deal of

The Wastes of the Household. [Christine T. Herrick in Good Housekeeping.] While the well-known saying that a French family could live with elegance on what an American housewife throws away is frequently illustrated in families where waste can be ill afforded, it is also true that, in eight cases out of ten, this relegation of cold bits to the offal pail or ash barrel is not caused so much by extravagance as by the lack of knowledge of how to dispose of them

in any other way. The dainty utilization of scraps is a subject that well repays the thoughtful study of any house, and even the least original cook can often "evolve from her inner consciousness" an appetizing dish from cold fragments that at first sight appear utterly unpromising. In this matter, however, the mistress must generally depend upon her own brains. Few hirelings have the keen interest in their employers' welfare that would urge them to save a couple of pennies here and five or six there. Fewer still, with the best intentions in the world, know how to do it or appreciate that it is in the minor

economies that true saving consists. What difference does it make if those scraps of cold bacon left from breakfast are summarily disposed of in the swill barrel, or if that bit of corn beef-too small to appear upon the table again-is bestowed upon the first basket beggar who presents himself? And if these escape that fate from the extra conscientiousness of the housekeeper, they are too often converted into the ubiquitous hash. Hear how one careful housewife disposed of similar remnants: To the corn beef and bacon minced fine, she added half as much cold mashed potatoe, one raw egg, a little chopped onion and paraley, and with croquettes made of these, rolled in flour and fried in nice dripping, provided an appetizing dish that was quite sufficient, when accompanied by stewed potatoes and bread and butter, to make a lunch for three people.

Another dainty dish, which appeared upon a friend's table, was formed from even less promising materials. Her dinner the day before had been a stuffed chicken boiled with rice. Examination of the pantry revealed the carcass of the fowl, with one leg attached to it, and a couple of spoonfuls of the cold rice. Nothing daunted, however, the valiant housekeeper advanced to the charge, and, with the aid of a small, sharp knife, removed more meat from the bones than one would at first have believed possible. This was cut-not chopped-in small pieces and set aside with the rice and half of the dressing, while the bones, the rest of the stuffing and a little minced onion were put over the fire in two cups of cold water. When a slow, steady simmer of a couple of hours had reduced this one-half, it was cooled, straine!, skimmed and slightly thickened with brown flour; then returned to the fire with the fragments of meat, rice, etc. brought to a boil, poured over crustless squares of fried bread laid in a hot platter, and garnished with parsley. The result was a savory salmi. whose scrabby origin no one would have suspected,

Lack of Good Looks in Paris.

[London Truth.] The Hotel de Ville ball was extremely proper, though not exactly fashionable. Any lady who was able to pay 20 frances for admission, and provide herself with a cavalier, was allowed to enter. The dukes and duchesses of the noble faubourg went to satisfy curiosity under the cloak of charity. Vast as the halls, lobbies, corridors, saloons and galleries are, they were very crowded after midnight, when tickets were sold at the portal at half-price.

What was most wanted were handsome and pretty women and girls and fine-looking men. The plainness and physical poverty of both were depressing. I sat an hour and a half in a portico bordering the central hall. where the band of the Garde Republicains played. All the company streamed by ma

I counted five fairly good-looking and three beautiful women. Exquisite dress was impotent toldisguise the prevailing ugliness, The pretty passions and muck-rake cares of Zola's bourgeois were stamped on the majority of the faces. There never was & Gretna Green in France, and too much attention has been always paid to candle-ends and chees-parings by the middle classes.

Care of Bables.

[Cor. Boston Globe.] A good doctor once said, "Give thems plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel." But the cuticle, or scarf skin, is sometimes so delicate that flannel is very irritating, and the old-fashioned method of making the little ones comfortable in linenshirts and cotton night-gowns is in most cases advisable. Whatever may be the thought of woman as a physician, certainly every girl who intents to marry ought to be acquainted with the wants of her own organism, and the delicate propertiesof food. For every woman after recaiving the crown of motherhood thinks, in the language of Shakespeare, that "since the birth of Cain, the first man child, there never was such a won lerous creature born." And she finds herself in the greatest distress if her batty sickens and dies for want of proper neurishment. We have known mothers who starved their babies on arrowroot, and others who went to the opposite extreme and fed them on Meliin's food, till they looked like Berkshire : ig

A Lightning Kiss.

[Clara Belle's Letter.] Girls wholly devoted to self improvement are not to be frightened out of novel experiments, and many of those brunettes whose upper lipe are adorned-dare I say disfigured?-by incipient mustaches are submitting to a process by which the hair is permanently removed; at least, the operator promises that there shall be no renewed growth. A needle, attached to a battery, isgently stuck into the root of each individual hair, an electric current is turned on, and the thing is gone forever. The process is slow, costly and rather painful. My friend-call ner Dolphine-endured it like a beroine. That ever ng she came home with a smooth but slightly swollen upper lip. When she met her sentimental Tom in the dim hallway on his arrival for the regular Thursday night session she knew very well that he would feef a difference right away.

"Tom, darling," she whispered, "kiss me gently this time, please." "Is there a paternal presence in the parlor?" he murmured, as he put his arms just the half way round her waist that she per-

mitted. "No, Toin, but-" "It shall be smackless,"

"No smack, indeed!" There was an explosion! Simultaneously, a flash like lightning illuminated the hallway. The family came rushing it. What had happened? Why, Dolphine's lip, surcharged with electricity from the hair-eliminating needle, had come into contact with Tom's mouth, and the result was like the sudden discharge of a thunder cloud's contents, with a big pop and

a blinding flare. Fact, I assure you. How to Make a Barrel Ham nock.

[Good Cheer] The season for hammon's will soon be here, and I will tell you how to make a comfortable, inexpensive one. Bring your old flour barrel from the cellar or storeroom, knick it to piece clean and paint the staves. Procure a rope four times in length of the place where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes line. Now halve the rope, double each piece in the middle, and commencing two yards or so from the end, weave it over and under each stave about three inches from the end of each jone, which will bring the rope crossed letween each; do both sides the same and your bammock is complete. One and of the rope should be fastened up higher than the other. At first this may not seem firm, but where there is any weight on it, the rope becomes "taut." as the sailors say, consequently there will be no openings.

Three Kinds of Toothache.

[Popular Science News.] For ordinary nervous toothache, which is caused by the nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a very hot bath will so soothe the nerves that sleep will naturally follow, and, upon getting up, the patient will feel very much refreshed and the toothiche will be a thing of the past. For whatis known as "jumping" toothacha, hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, bich is caused by indigestion, or by strong, sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves is the best remedy.

Good Cough Syrup.

[Demorest's Monthly.] A good cough syrup is made by taking eighteen ounces of perfectly sound onions. and, after removing the rind, make several incisions, but not too deep. Boil together with thirteen and a half ounces of moist sugar and two and three-quarter ounces of honey in thirty-five ounces of water for three-quarters of an hour; strain, and fill into bottles for use. Give one tablespoonful of this mixture-slightly warmed-immediately on attack, and then, according to requirement, five to eight half tablespoonfuls daily.

The Baby's Colic.

[Boston Budget.] To quiet a baby roaring with colic, lay it on its back and pat it from its neck downward over its little abdomen, taking care set to pat upward. This usually not only brings relief to the infant, but to the family and the neighborhood, and all young married people should have the regine.